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WOLLASTON

Once asked a bigot, "How many religious sects he thought there might be in the world?" "Why," says he, "I can make no judgment, I never considered the question." "Do you think," said Wollaston, "there might be a hundred?" "O, yes, at least," cried the bigot. "Why then," replied the philosopher, "it is ninety-nine to one, that you are in the wrong."

POPE CLEMENT THE XIV.

Used to say, "We too often lay aside charity to maintain faith, without reflecting, that if it is not allowed to tolerate men, it is forbidden to hate and persecute those who have unfortunately embraced heresy."

AUTO DE FE.

Dr. Wilson, Chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, to Dr. G. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, January, 1706, says, "In obedience to your Lordship's commands, of the 10th ult. I have sent all that was printed concerning the last Auto de Fe, I saw the whole process, which

was agreeable to what is published by Limbroch and others, upon that subject. Of the five persons condemned, there were but four burnt. Antonio Tavanco, by an unusual reprieve, being saved after the procession. Heyton Dias, and Maria Pineyra, were burnt alive, and the other two first strangled. The execution was very cruel, the woman was alive in the flames half an hour, and the man above an hour. The present king and his brother were seated at a window, so near as to be addressed for a considerable time in very moving terms by the man as he was burning. But though the favour he begged was only a few more faggots, yet he was not able to obtain it!!! The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were perfectly roasted; and as he turned himself, his ribs opened before he left speaking, the fire being recruited as it wasted, to keep him just in the same degree of heat. But all his entreaties could not procure him a large allowance of wood to shorten his misery!!!

POETRY.

PLEASURE AND HOPE.

WOULD'ST thou the fondest bliss receive,

From fav'ring love that man can gain,
 'Tis in the female's bosom heave,
 That softly sighs—I love again—
 From lips that no deceit employ,
 Steals in a sigh, (the sweet confession),
 And in the hope of promis'd joy,
 Gives more than pleasure in possession.

How virtuous shame, love's empire owning!

Then gently sheds the modest tear,
 That far from virgin honour drowning,
 Bids it an added lustre wear.

How sweet the silent calm that reigns,
 When thus obtain'd th' avowal sought,
 No vent'rous word that bliss explains,
 The hope of which illumines the thought.

Love, when the soft confession's caught,
 Too soon the voice of prudence hates,
 That, whelm'd beneath the madd'ning draught,

In frenzied bliss evaporates.
 Ye fair, who own love's potent sway,
 With cautious fears your bosoms ope,
 On pleasure's wing he hastes away—
 If pleasure follow close on hope.

Son to the powerful god of arms,
 His force must from resistance grow:

Plunge him in pleasure's downy charms,
His drooping torch will cease to glow.
Beneath enjoyment's flow'ry bed,
Oft lies the grave of fond desires,
Oft when on pleasure's bosom spread,
We feel regret—that hope expires.

THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Just at the time when dreams are true,
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling, beneath her mantle blue.

Fie, fie! she cry'd, why sleep so long,
When she, the nymph you dearly love,
Now roves the vernal flow'rs among,
And waits for you in yonder grove.

Hark!—you may hear her cherub voice,
The voice of health is sweet and clear;
Yes—you may hear the birds rejoice,
In symphony her arbour near.

I rose—I hasten'd to the grove,
With eager steps, and anxious mind,
I rose, the elfin's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.

My fairy took me by the hand,
And cheerfully we stepp'd along;
She stopp'd but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the russet wood-lark's song.

We reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
My fairy was no longer near,
But of her voice I knew the sound,
As thus she whisper'd in my ear:

"The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
Within these precincts loves to dwell,
Her breath now fills the balmy wind,
'This path will lead you to her cell."

I bended to the primrose low,
And ask'd if Health might there reside,
She left me, said the flower, but now,
For yonder violet's purple pride.

I question'd next the violet queen,
Where buxom Health was to be found,
She told me that she late was seen,
With cowslip's toying on the ground.

Then thrice I kissed the cowslips pale,
And in their dew-drops bath'd my face,
I told them all my tender tale,
And beg'd their aid coy Health to trace.

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXXVII.

From us, exclaim'd a lovely flower,
The nymph has many a day been gone;
But now she rests within the bow'r
Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone.

Quick to that bow'r I ran, I flew,
And yet no nymph I there could find,
But fresh the breeze of morning blew,
And Spring was gay, and Flora kind.

If I return'd, sedate and slow,
What, if the nymph I could not see?
The blush that pass'd along my brow,
Was proof of her divinity.

And still her votary to prove,
And still her dulcet smiles to share,
I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove,
With untir'd steps, and fondest care.

O Sprite belov'd! vouchsafe to give
A boon, a precious boon to me,
Within thy influence let me live,
And sometimes too thy beauties see.

So shall the muse, in nobler verse,
And strength renew'd, exulting sing,
Thy praise, thy charms, thy pow'r rehearse,
And sweep, with bolder hand, the string.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

JOHN AND JOAN.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was filled each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup,
But Joan was not like John,
For when her lips had touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair,
But she ne'er changed a jot,
She lov'd to see the angel there,
'And therefore drench'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd,
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a devil pourtray'd.

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